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VOLUME XI IX

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1903.

NUMBER 10

## KELLER & DOWELL

SUCCESSORS TO ARMSTRONG, KELLER & CO.

Dealer in

## Grain Seeds

Wool Salt,

## CEMENTS,

CALCINED PLASTER

and all the best grades of

## SOFT and HARD Coal.

PHONE 51.

Warehouse and Office.  
220 West Columbus Ave., Bellefontaine,  
August 25, 1902.

HOW ABOUT YOUR

## Christmas Shopping

Christmas bells will soon ring merrily. It is about time to select your gifts.

We are showing a fine selection of Plain Gold Rings, Fancy Gold Rings, Diamond Rings, Opal Gold Rings, etc.

A fine display of Watches, Chains, Brooches, Cuff Buttons, Necklaces and Locketts, Silver Ware and Cut Glass. You will find those of the best quality. Call and inspect.

## Davis Bros.,

Jewelers.

Nov. 25, 1902.

## CHOICE LAND

IN THE CITY

## FOR SALE!

Twenty acres of land in First Ward, and four Houses and Lots.

Also House of eight rooms for sale or rent. Can be had on easy terms.

ESLI POWERS,

714 Zanesfield Ave.  
January 7-3m

## TREMAIN'S INSURANCE AGENCY

INSURES AGAINST—

Fire, Lightning,

Wind Storms,

Cyclones.

Office Rooms 1 & 2 Empire Block.  
June 12, 1902-1yr.

## COULTER ALLEN

Live Stock and General Auctioneer,  
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Will cry Public Sales anywhere on earth. Give me your patronage and I will guarantee you satisfaction. Terms reasonable. Persons needing anything in my line will please call on or address me before fixing date.  
Jan. 6, 1903-2m

## Public Auctioneer

Public Sales of all kinds cried  
At Reasonable Rates,

and satisfaction guaranteed. Every effort will be made to make all sales a success, and prompt attention will be given to all correspondence and to all business entrusted me.

E. B. Norviel,  
Middleburg, Ohio.

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle with full directions, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

## WE HAVE FOUND IT!

We have the agency for the Pittsburgh Perfect fence. We can't tell you all its good merits on paper. But if you will call at our store, we can show you a

## Well Named Fence

Why? Because it has more good qualities than any other fence on the market today. We want you to see it before you buy. Call at the old Hardware Stand.

## Osborn & Churchill

PROPRIETORS.

## NICE NEW RUGS

MADE

## Out of . . . .

## Old Carpets

In answer to numerous inquiries from our many friends, we are pleased to announce that we have our

New Rug Machinery and are prepared to convert old carpets into new rugs with neatness and dispatch. Our machines are of the latest and best designs and enable us to turn out the highest grade of work, and we solicit the patronage of the public.

The Bellefontaine Mattress & Upholstering Co.  
October 14, 1902-1f.

## Frank R. Griffin, DENTIST.

Special Attention Given to Operations on the  
Natura. Teeth and the Care of  
Children's Teeth.

Office Room 20 Lawrence Bldg.  
Bellefontaine.

## Railroad Y. M. C. A. Work in India.

There is a movement now on foot to send a Young Men's Christian Association secretary from this country to do special work among the 350,000 railway men of India, and as the field is white to the harvest our association is asked to contribute \$75 toward the sending out of such a secretary from this country.

We deem this a rare privilege to bring the work that has done so much good to railroad men of the United States and Canada, that is, the Young Men's Christian Association, to our brothers in distant lands. Our association had the privilege of contributing the first amount toward the first foreign work undertaken, that of the organization of the present association in Mexico City, and we would like to have the same honor and privilege of being the first to contribute our assessment toward the work in India.

There are 350,177 railroad men in India according to recent reports, of which 5,967 are Europeans and 7,993 are Eurasians; the rest being native Indians. The plan is to first begin the work among the English speaking railroad men of India. Of this class the Europeans and practically all the Eurasians speak English, while all Indians in the higher grades of service virtually use this language. These may be found occupying the following positions: Supervising staff, civil engineers, permanent way inspectors, many engineers, or drivers as they are called in India, and firemen, foremen and fitters at shops, many station masters and guards, also clerks. Thus the work which would be started among the Europeans and Eurasians would spread naturally to the Indians.

The 25,000 miles of railroad in India are owned almost altogether by the government. The officers are made up of men from the regular government staff, others are state railway officials, and still others are employed by the railway companies which work the lines for the government. These 25,000 miles are divided as a rule into divisions of 200 miles in length, which gives 125 division points throughout the country, where the men largely reside. The largest number of men are found at central points where locomotive shops are operated, and it is likely at such a place as this that the first work will be started.

There is work now being performed, administering to the physical and social needs of men, called institutes, but these are for the railway staff and not the rank and file. These have been built by the company and the work is entirely secular, consisting of reading rooms, baths, rest rooms, tennis and other out of door sports, also dancing, etc. The work is carried on by the men themselves, approved by the companies. The district officers of the company, as a rule, are members ex-officio of the committee managing the institutes. Like our work there is a regular membership fee charged for use of the privileges. On some roads there are churches—the church of England. While the large majority of railroad officials are not Christian men yet there are found here and there earnest Christians among the officials who would gladly co-operate in any movement toward the establishment of the work of the Y. M. C. A. In fact many of the officials not Christians would lend their influence and support to such a movement. The attitude and opinion of prominent railway and government officials toward the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the United States, Russia, Canada and France has had its influence upon the officials controlling the roads in India. The way for the work to get started will be to get the consent and support first of the higher officials consisting of the Secretary of State for India in England, the Board of Directors in England and the Viceroy heads of Public Works Department in India. The International Committee knows how to do this and will secure the open door, the proper support and encouragement from those in authority, so soon as the Railway Associations of the United States and Canada make it possible for them to send a man to our needy brothers in India. This honor and privilege of being the first railroad secretary sent out from this country to the men of India is one that is coveted by some of us and we pray that the right man may be secured to begin this work. Our part in it at present is to make possible the send forth of such a man. We ought to have from our two hundred members 100 men who would each give us \$1.00 toward this work. There are others who want to have the privilege of giving a larger amount and as we are not limited in the maximum amount to be given, we will be glad to receive as many donations as possible toward this foreign work fund. We must raise at least our assessment and raise it very promptly. We hope to receive the loyal support and hearty co-operation of our entire membership. Let us see how quickly we can raise our \$75.00. If you will do your part the coming day we will be able to send our assessment or short-therafter—Columbus Railroad Men's Bulletin.

## OUR FASHION LETTER.

How Smart New Gowns and Waists Are Made.

ARE MUCH TUCKED AND STRAPPED

Strong Colors, Even Bright Greens and Flame Tints, Are Worn—Some New Ideas in Blouses—About Evening Gowns.

The smart gowns of cloth, hopsack and tweed are arranged with fine tuckings, which have the effect of cords, and strappings of silk or material. The strappings are much wider than of yore, and braiding is also employed, especially in scrolls and detached ornaments over the straps. The plaited skirts are generally quite plain or merely ornamented with rows of stitching.

Short haired furs are combined with woolen materials for gowns, and a sack bolero of fur quite short and loose



PRACTICAL TAILOR MADE.

will have a tweed or cloth skirt trimmed with the same fur. Furs of the astrakhan and caracul type are also imitated in wool, and this kind of cloth is very effective when made up with plain cloth of contrasting coloring.

The broadcloth suit here shown has one of the latest skirts. The jacket is equally simple and effective.

Colors That Are Worn. The new flame color is very effective when worn by the right woman, but some of the varieties of this color and of green, too, are horrible when worn by all sorts and conditions of people. This is the worst of a popular craze or a new shade.

Colors are growing stronger, and this we owe to eastern art and the craze for everything Japanese.

Never attempt daring color combinations in cheap materials. Bright shades in cheap materials are invariably crude



BLACK TAFFETA BLOUSE.

and lose all the richness of light and shade. Different tones of black blended together are very effective. Pannet is of course the order of the day, as its glory can be toned down by somber black chiffon, lightened again perhaps by a curious kind of gauze. The touches of jet seen on so many smart black gowns aid in relieving the somberness. At least one black gown is indispen-

sable to every woman, be she wealthy or in modest circumstances. The black taffeta blouse has a tucked yoke and undersleeves of black mouseline de soie, and there are, in addition, touches of black chauntilly lace.

Ridiculous Millinery. Most of this year's millinery is pretty, but there is some that verges on the ridiculous—for instance, the so called picture hats when they have exaggerated streamers hanging down the back, like widows' weeds. That is the worst of such a mode; it soon degenerates into a caricature. Lace blouses are all the rage, and they are made over the palest of satin linings, often these lace blouses being delicately jeweled in



LOUISIANE SILK WAIST.

spray effects. One of the prettiest color combinations is pale pink covered with yellow lace and fastening with little rhinestone buttons.

Nowadays transparent yokes are giving way to high lace and chiffon jabots. Frenchwomen are all wearing collars again; consequently all the smart blouses and dresses no longer show the collarless effect.

The clever woman always keeps by her two smart blouse patterns, and she can then, with the aid of a seamstress, evolve separate waists from her old gowns.

The pretty blouse shown is of louisiane silk and fine lace.

A Delusive Simplicity. There is a delusive simplicity about some of the newest and most elegant evening gowns, delusive because the simple effect is really most difficult to achieve successfully and demands a fair play of lightness and delicacy of touch on the part of the worker whose task it is to manipulate the dainty gauze chiffon and crepe de chine, for diaphanous fabrics are more fashionable than ever.

The revival of early Victorian fashions with respect to bodices is very noticeable. On most of the new evening gowns the length and slope of the shoulders are emphasized even in the high



CREPE DE CHINE GOWN.

necked demitrois, which are more fashionable than decollete gowns for all occasions save balls. This is a very sensible fashion in cold weather, for even transparent chiffon and lace yokes provide some sort of protection for the lungs and throat, and, if well managed, are quite as becoming as the decollete bodices—in fact, far more so to those women who have not perfect necks.

The crepe de chine gown in the illustration is made with a yoke and double collar effect of lace. The sleeves are puffed into deep lace cuffs, and the entire gown is tucked perpendicularly.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Perils of the Deep. He crossed the Atlantic twenty-six times and never got drowned but

"Indade! An' which one of his trips was it he was drowned on?" "Of'n not sure, but O! think it was the twenty-sixth."

"He was lucky. Many a man would have went to the bottom on his first voyage instead of waiting till the last."

"Right ye are. More people are drowned by water than by railroad wrecks."

"It's a fatal death, begorra."—Kane's City Journal.

## Cartwright's Trustee

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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WHEN Cameron tilted back his chair against the rough and rugged wall of the log house, the light of the fire shone upon his abundant gray hair and ruddy face, but he had drawn out of the heat. The collar of his flannel shirt flared away upon each side, and I saw his rounded and strong throat, with a triangular bit of his bare chest below.

"Now for the interview," he said, pausing between the words to draw upon his newly lighted pipe with keen enjoyment. "Why am I here? That's the matter of interest, is it? Why do I live in this Adirondack wilderness after those tools over there?"

Upon this he told me the following story: I visited this region the first time with a hunting party about ten years ago. The others were men whom I had come to know in one way or another, men of means, all of them, while I could hardly raise the amount of my fare.

In some way which is not important to this narrative I became separated from my friends one day when we were roaming the primeval forest together. It was a startling experience, for the chances were excellent that I might wander all night in the cold, and at that time I was not robust. However, just as I was growing dark I fell in with a man upon whose neck I could have wept for joy, though I had not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with him.

He may have been forty years old, brown as an Indian, slender, tall and lithe. His voice had a cheery ring, his eyes were bright, his language had the way of the woods, but when we passed beyond the first quick questions and answers I perceived that he did not lack cultivation. His name was Robert Cartwright.

He led me to this house, and, though he tried to moderate his pace to mine, I had hard work to follow him.

When Cartwright set foot upon the slab of rock that makes the step out there, the door was suddenly flung open, and a pleasant voice cried, "Why, Bobby, how late you are!"

The next moment "Bobby" was being kissed in a very simple, unaffected and altogether enviable fashion, and he was contributing liberally to the demonstration when he happened to remember me, which is more than I had a right to expect under the circumstances. Mrs. Cartwright had not yet become aware that her husband was not alone, for she had come out of the brightness into the dusk.

"There is some one with me," I heard Cartwright whisper. And then he presented me most agreeably.

Yet there was a touch of formalism in his words and manner. They savored of the city. And when Mrs. Cartwright greeted me she was not quite so fine a woman as she had been a minute before, with her arms around her husband's neck. I had introduced an element of artificiality. I had carried them back.

"I wish our boy were here," said Cartwright presently. "You'd then see our little home just right. But he's gone to a boarding school."

"We are sorry that we sent him," said Mrs. Cartwright. And then she showed me a photograph of a boy of ten years.

I was able to say without prevarication that Bobby Junior was the image of his sire.

Well, we had a great supper, for which I had the better appetite be-

cause of waiting while the preparation of it was completed. In this task the husband assisted.

I was a very formal fellow in those days. My manner was as stiff as a starched shirt collar and he pulled his flannel garment open a little wider at these words. From the outset I could see that Mrs. Cartwright detected the flavor of my breeding and that her woman's nature would not let her admit any deficiency on her own part. Indeed, there was no need of it, for she was born and bred a lady and quite in the circle of my own family's acquaintance, as I learned presently, for she was a Wayne of the old Connecticut stock, and the Camerons were proud of an alliance with two generations ago, when both were rich.

Some talk of this very distant sta-

tionship brought us nearer together and carried us farther from the woods. I answered many questions about the news of cities and heard some old stories which led me to know that Cartwright had not lived always in the wilderness by any means.

It was late in the evening, however, before I ventured to ask what had led them so far away from the centers of cultivation and refinement which would have been their natural habitat.

"You remember Holmes' line?" said Cartwright—"Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust." Well, my father put his money in trust for me, and this is the result. My trustee got away with it.

"God bless him!" said the lady, taking her husband's hand.

She was sitting on the arm of his chair at the time and looking very sweet in the firelight. I could not think of her as the mother of a ten-year-old boy, she looked so young and so light hearted and hopeful. Yet she was a beaten woman by all the rules. She was married to a man who was poor and would never be otherwise. Her real youth was gone, and even should Cart-

wright die—as is the duty of a poor man with a pretty wife—I couldn't fight the battle over again.

It is true that I was puzzled by the fervency of her prayer for the dishonest trustee, though I judged it was a part of her fidelity to her husband, a part of her long resolve never to reproach him for their poverty.

He raised her hand to his lips before he answered the question which he had seen in my eyes.

"I suppose he saved my life," said Cartwright, "and that is why Marjory blesses him. May heaven bless her! I was a wild boy, Mr. Cameron. My father always gave me plenty of money, and I went the pace, as the phrase is."

"He was not so bad, I guess," said Marjory, with a hand upon his head, where I observed that the dark brown hair was thin at the back of the crown.

"Let my bald spot be the witness to my crimes," said he, reading my eye again. "It was blazed at twenty-five years than it is now, and a fellow doesn't get such an ornament for nothing. Late hours, champagne, bad tobacco in stifling cafes under the glare of lights: Yes, yes; it is a blessing that my trustee became a thief before I had time to become anything worse myself."

"I was beginning to feel the strain. My pet doctor pointed out an open grave to me every time I went to see him, and finally he drove me up into the woods for a little rest. He did it by promising that the relaxation would give me life for a year and perhaps two of the fun that I was having."

"Fun!" echoed Mrs. Cartwright.

"Upon my soul," said her husband, "the woods was a heaven to me, most sudden, wretched and hopeless existence ever suffered by a mortal creature. But I didn't know it then. Well, I came up into the Adirondacks with half a dozen other prodigals before whom the grave also yawned, and we endeavored to restore our health by sitting all day and night in the room of a little hotel a few miles from here drinking bad liquor and playing cards for money. I remember that the luck was dead against me all the time—the worst run I ever had. Indeed, about the third day I sent a burly call to my trustee for funds. But, Mr. Cameron, at the very moment when I was writing to him he was a bankrupt and twenty-four hours later he was on his secret way to South America, or some say to China, with the wreck of his dishonesty. Heaven forgive and bless him! It was the beginning of a new life to me."

"You went back to town and started over again, I suppose?"

"I have never been out of these woods since then," said Cartwright, "except when I took my boy down to Albany to school at the beginning of this fall. In the old days when that thunderbolt hit me I went to bed, believing that the grave which my doctor had pointed out to me was my only refuge and wishing to encourage it to yawn as hard and fast as possible. Presently my cross and crabbed old uncle, William Cartwright, from Brooklyn, appeared upon the scene and favored me with the details of my ruin. He closed by offering me a small allowance on the bargain that I would live up here in the woods for a year or for longer unless my health should be fully restored."

"I was willing. There was no reason why I should go back. But dying isn't so easy up here. Strangely enough, I acquired an appetite for life. I began to go out hunting with a guide and surprised him—and myself far more—by developing into a first rate shot with a rifle. Before the end of that winter I had gained nearly twenty pounds, though you wouldn't call me fat as I stand, and I could eat bear meat right off the bear."

"Mr. Cameron, I liked the life. I was

ripe for it. I had had enough of the other kind. I resolved to stay here, and here I am. My uncle gave me money enough to buy this house and a bit of land running down to the lake, and here I established a hermitage."

His voice changed, and his eyes began to glisten.

"In the long winter evenings," he continued, "I began to write to a little girl. She was only sixteen, and she was going to school. I wrote her stories for her and lonesome tales of the woods. You must understand that just before my pecuniary disaster I had chanced to see her, and somehow her beauty—at this point Mrs. Cartwright tried to cover her mouth with her hand—"her beauty," he persisted, "and her innocence had remained with me. And she had remembered me. Think of it—me, the prodigal! What miracles doth heaven grant! Well, well, I wrote her stories of the woods, and finally I wrote her love stories, and so at last, being quite free in the world, though only nineteen when this happened, she came up into the wilderness to see me, and we were married at Pine Knot, five miles down the lake."

"Therefore," he went on, extending his left hand toward a pitcher of cider on the table, "I shall propose the health of all thieving, rascally trustees who steal the money of those foolish hots who are not fit to have it. Ah, Mr. Cameron, think what he did for me! Think of this pure, healthy life among the fragrant trees! I am supremely happy. I bless him. I honor him. Here's to him—old Archibald Withington—may the saints receive him!"

I was about to raise my glass, but said I again.

"Archibald Withington!" said I. "Why, I know him. He has offices in the same building as myself."

"You're thinking of my son," said Cartwright, smiling.

"Pardon me," I rejoined. "The man I'm thinking of can't be the son of any one now living. He is more than a hundred years old, I should say, though he hasn't grown a day older in ten years. He is tall as a tree, straight as a gun barrel, and he bears a scar upon his left cheek that he says he got in the civil war, though I think it was more likely the Revolution."

"Archibald Withington in New York?" cried Cartwright. "He has made another fortune. Then—"

"He has always been rich," said I. "He was never ruined. He never died."

"We were all upon our feet by this time and very much excited."

"Cartwright," said I, "your uncle—tell me about him. You say that he was strict, severe. By heavens, he took this means to reform you, with Withington's connivance, of course. Was there any provision in your father's will which could give the color of honesty, to—"

"Much," much was left to Withington's discretion," said Cartwright in a

I CALLED AT THEIR HOUSE LAST YEAR, trembling voice. "And yet the money is undoubtedly mine. Did anybody ever hear of such scandalous, infamous robbery as this? Marjory, my poor girl! And I have kept you slaving in this wilderness, without a rag of clothes, without a jewel!"

"We have been happy here," she said through hysterical tears. "For our son's sake I think we ought to make some attempt to have our rights."

"Attempt!" cried Cartwright. "Well, you just watch me. I'll stand those two old villains on their venerable heads, if I—"

Oh, dear! (Mr. Cameron continued). To think what I did to them, those kind and happy folks who welcomed me to their hospitable table that evening! They went back to the city, and they found the truth to be as I conjectured. It had been done for Cartwright's good."

So they got all their money (he rambled on), and a great sum it was. Cartwright gave me \$1,000 and this cabin. He and his wife took a house on Fifth avenue, and they went much into society—for the sake of the child, they said, though what difference it could make to a boy I don't know. If it had been a girl—but why discuss it? I called at their house when I was in the city last year, and Mrs. Cartwright had come to lunch. Her husband was too ill to come downstairs—too ill to see me, in fact. I don't wonder. They live very high, and when a man has been used to open air and good, wholesome food the change goes hard with him. A woman, of course, can stand anything—except worse clothes than her neighbors. And Mrs. Cartwright dresses wonderfully well, but she's beginning to look old. Poor woman! She was so pretty, so rosy, so happy and healthy here that night in the light of the fire! And it's not so long ago.

Cartwright sent down word to me that if there was anything I wanted I need only ask for it. He would set no limit upon his gratitude for the man who brought him into his fortune. I didn't take anything. As a man of heart, as a man from outdoors, by Jingo, I couldn't do it!

He was sitting on the arm of his chair at the time and looking very sweet in the firelight. I could not think of her as the mother of a ten-year-old boy, she looked so young and so light hearted and hopeful. Yet she was a beaten woman by all the rules. She was married to a man who was poor and would never be otherwise. Her real youth was gone, and even should Cart-

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